

killed. They secured a knife and cut the legs of their dead brothers at the ankles and with Buck Hart and the other men

one of the back. Both the star-  
excuse and Buck. Hand  
and were forced to stay at a farm  
family from Graham. Officers have  
rest there, and it is thought their  
are too severe to permit their es-  
s that this affair was the sequel  
that occurred on Friday night.  
various, one of the four brothers  
all of whom have a bad reputa-  
are accused of various thefts,  
erif Wallace of Young county pu  
last December, while the latter  
tempting to arrest him. Marlow  
but his brothers were arrested as

Later they broke in, and on Friday night a mob of men attacked the jail with the purpose of burning them. The mob failed, and at 9 o'clock on Saturday the jail was surrounded by a mob under a strong guard, were Weatherford for safe keeping. While this party was en route that attacked with the above result.

**MORMON CHURCH.**

al Before the United States Supreme Court.

INGTON, Jan. 20.—[By the Association.] Argument has been con-

The Supreme Court of the United States, in the case of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, appellants, vs. the United States, brought here on appeal from the Supreme Court of the Territory of Utah, on the terms, anti-polygamy church of Jesus Christ was dissolved and its property was turned over to the United States.

H. Broadhead and ex-Senator John W. Stewart of Indiana appeared for the appellants. They argued that Congress, by creating the church corporation, had given it a judicial power; that the act of

native Assembly of Utah incorporated the church was in the nature of a gift which could not be impaired, and therefore the corporation was dissolved by legislative enactment. The line of exchequer, counsel further held, has never been applied in this religious and charitable corporation. The only thing the Government was to hold this property till an heir was found, and the title ever having been held by the corporation by trustees, who filed claims for the same in the court below, there was no right for its possession by the State.

General Jenkins, for the United States, argued that Congress had a constitutional right to discontinue the compact. He claimed that the clause of the Compromise gave Congress the right to legislate for the Territories gave it the power to repeal territorial enactments. He declared, moreover, that as the constitution provided that the acts passed by the territorial Assembly should be null and void if disapproved by Congress, the repeal of Territorial acts had been conferred upon the Legislature of the Federal Government. It was for Congress to determine when and under what circumstances it would exercise

wer. Mr. M. also contended that corporation of the church failed because in conflict with the provisions of the Constitution forbidding establishment of religion. He further asserted that the corporation was dissolved for misuse and abuse of state power, and that the corporation also be dissolved under the general powers of the Constitution. The case being dissolved, he maintained nothing left for the United States to appoint a receiver to take the property of the corporation.

**ns Imported to Cultivate Tobacco in Florida.**  
**YORK, Jan. 30.**—By the Associated Press. What appears to be one of the big assignments of contract labor ever here in one ship was discovered by the fact that the landing of passengers of champagne at Castle Garden today. It was noticed that more than every other the 218 steerage passengers were from Florida. It was found that all came from Alsace, Germany, and that each passenger had been paid by a

in the day a member of the firm of & Storm of this city appeared at arden. He said he was an Alsatian arranged to have his countrymen ere, but denied having paid their and a large tract of land in Flor proposed to furnish each family ouse and 40 acres of land and start raising Sumatra tobacco. He y the product. The people, to the of 130, were detained, awaiting the Collector Magosa.

**Weather Prevails on the Atlantic Coast.**  
YORK, Jan. 20.—[By the Association.] Snow commenced falling here afternoon, but soon after dark it became rain and sleet, with snow at midnight the storm has ceased. Thermometer is several degrees above freezing point.

**HURRICANE (Va.), Jan. 20.**—The first storm of the season occurred today. Comes from other places in Virginia

blowing and sleeting, and in some places the snow is 10 inches deep. Travel obstructed.

**JACKSON, Jan. 20.**—The first snow here began falling here early this morning. In the afternoon it changed to sleet, making walking disagreeable. Received by the Signal Office shows a storm is general throughout the States, east of the Mississippi River. The temperature here is below zero, and that the thermometer considerably on Monday night.

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**Mean Man Causes a Strike.**

**St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 20.**—About eighteen hun-

miners employed by the Spring Coal Company at Spring Valley, had a mass meeting yesterday and de-quit work as long as a miner named Mulley worked in the mines. It seems that weeks ago the company shut up two lines, throwing about six hundred out of work. The men in two agreed to share work with the idle Mulley refused to share his work with miners, but the manager to give him, but he refused to do so, hence the strike.

YORK, Jan. 20.—The steamer Stasaska, which sailed hence for Glasgow Friday last, returned to this city in a very bad condition this morning. The ship had proceeded a considerable distance on her voyage when the Captain discovered that several feet of water in her hold. Pumping was made, and it was found that two pivots in the steamer's stern had broken. It is expected that the vessel will be completed and the vessel will sail tomorrow. She carries about 200 passengers.

YVILLE (16th), Jan. 20.—A passenger on the East Tennessee road ran freight train at Rader's Station last night. The engineer, fireman and a man Rufus Patty of Johnson City, were killed and several others slightly wounded.

Funeral at Indianapolis.

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 20.—Gen. Harrison the day with his family, attending in the morning. No political gossip significance developed today.



## THE MARCH HOMEWARD

WHAT DR. WITT TALKED ABOUT YESTERDAY.

The Story of David and the Amalekites—To Join The Loved Ones in Glory—Not Dead, but Gone Before.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 20.—(Special Report for the Los Angeles Times.) The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., having expounded appropriate passages of scripture, gave out the hymn:

"Who are these in bright array,  
This innumerable throng,  
Round the altar night and day,  
Tuning their triumphant song?"

The subject of the sermon was "The March Homeward," and the text I Samuel, xxx, 8: "Pursue, for thou shalt surely overtake them, and without fail recover all." Dr. Talmage said:

There is intense excitement in the village of Ziklag. David and men are bidding good-by to their families, and are off for the wars. In that little village of Ziklag the defenseless ones will be safe until the warriors, flushed with victory, come home. But will the defenseless ones be safe? The soft arms of children are around the necks of the bronze warriors until they shake themselves free and start, and handkerchiefs and flags are waved, and kisses thrown until the armed men vanish beyond the hills. David and his men soon get through with their campaign and start homeward. Every night on their way home, no sooner does the soldier put his head on the knapsack than, in his dream, he hears the welcome of the wife and the shout of the child. Oh, what long stories they will have to tell their families of how they dodged the battle-axes, and then will roll up their sleeve and show the half-healed wound. With glad, quick step they march on, David and his men, for there are marching home. Now they come up to the top of the last hill which overlooks Ziklag, and they expect in a moment to see the dwelling places of their loved ones. They look, and as they look their cheeks turn pale and their lips quiver, and their hands involuntarily come down on the hilt of the sword. Where is Ziklag? Where are our homes? they cry. Alas! the curling smoke above the ruin tells the tragedy. The Amalekites have come down and consumed the village, and carried the mothers and the wives and the children of David and his men into captivity. The swarthy warriors stand for a few moments transfixed with horror. Then their eyes glance to each other, and they burst into uncontrollable weeping; for when a strong warrior weeps, the grief is appalling. It seems as if the emotion might tear him to pieces. They wept until they had no more power to weep. But now, David and his men, row turns to rage, and David, swinging his sword high in air, cries: "Pursue, for thou shalt overtake them, and without fail recover all." Now the march becomes a "double-quick." Two hundred of David's men stop by the brook Besor, faint with fatigue and grief. They cannot go a step farther. They are left there. But the other four hundred men under David, with a sort of panther step, march on in sorrow and in rage. They find by the side of the road a half-dead Egyptian, and they resuscitate him, and compel him to tell the whole story. He says: "Yonder they went, the captives and the captives." Pointing in the direction forward, ye four hundred brave men of fire! Very soon David and his enraged company come upon the Amalekites. Yonder they see their own wives, and children, and mothers, under Amalekian guard. Here are the officers of the Amalekian army holding a banquet. The cups are full, the music is roused, the dance begins. The Amalekites host cheer, and cheer, and cheer over their victory. But, without note of bugle or warning of trumpet, David and his four hundred men burst upon the scene suddenly as Robert Bruce hurled his Scotchmen upon the revelers at Bannockburn. David and his men look up, and one glance at their loved ones in captivity and under Amalekian guard throws them into a very fury of determination; for you know how men will fight when they fight for their wives and children. Ah, there are lightnings in their eyes, and every finger is a spear, and their voice is like the shout of a whirlwind. Amidst the upset tankards and the costly viands crushed under foot, the wounded Amalekites lie (their blood mingling with their wine) shrieking for mercy. No sooner do David and his men win the victory than they throw their swords down in the dust—what do they want with swords now?—and the broken families come together amidst a great shout of joy that makes the parting scene in Ziklag seem very insipid in the comparison. The rough old warrior has to use some persuasion before he can get his child to come to him now after so long an absence, but soon the little finger traces the familiar wrinkle across the scarred face. And then the empty tankards are set up, and they are filled with the best wine from the hills, and David and his men, the husbands, the wives, the brothers, the sisters, drink to the overthrow of the Amalekites and to the rebuilding of Ziklag. So, O Lord, let thine enemies perish!

Now they are coming home, David and his men and their families—a long procession. Men, women and children, loaded with jewels and robes and with all kinds of trophies that the Amalekites had gathered up in years of conquest—everything now in the hands of David and his men. When they come by the brook Besor, the place where they staid the men sick and incompetent to travel, the jewels and the robes and all kinds of treasures are divided among the sick as well as among the well. Surely the lame and exhausted ought to have some of the treasures. Here is a robe for this pale-faced warrior. Here is a pillow for this dying man. Here is a handful of gold for the wasted trumpeter. I really think that these men who fainted by the brook Besor may have endured as much as those men who went into battle. Some mean fellows objected to the sick men having any of the spoils. The objector said: "These men did not fight." David, with a magnificent heart, replies: "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

This subject is practically suggestive to me. Thank God, in these times a man can go off on a journey, and be gone weeks and months, and come back and see his house untouched and incendiary, and have his family on the step to greet him if by telegram he has foretold the moment of his coming. But there are Amalekian disasters, and there are Amalekian diseases that sometimes come down upon one's home, making as devastating a work as the day when Ziklag took fire. These are families in my congregation whose homes have been broken up. No bettering—no mending in the door, no mending in the status, no

dame leaped amidst the curtains; but so far as all the joy and excitement that once belonged to that house are concerned, the home has departed. Armed diseases came down upon the quietness of the scene—scarlet fevers, or pleurisy, or consumption, or undefined disorders, came and seized upon some members of that family and carried them away. Ziklag in ashes! And you go about, sometimes weeping and sometimes charged, wanting to get back your loved ones as much as David and his men wanted to reconstruct their despoiled households. Ziklag in ashes! Some of you went off from home. You counted the days of your absence. Every day seemed as long as a week. Oh, how glad you were when the time came for you to go aboard the steamer, boat or rail-car and start for home! You arrived. You went up the street where your dwelling was, and in the night you put your hand on the door-bell, and behold! it was wrapped with the signal of bereavement, and you found that Amalekian Death, which had devoured thousands of households, had blasted yours. You go about weeping amidst the desolation of your once happy home, thinking of the bright eyes closed, and the noble hearts stopped, and the gentle hands folded, and you weep until you have no more power to weep. Ziklag in ashes!

A gentleman went to a friend of mine in the city of Washington, and asked that, through him, he might get a consular pass to some foreign port. My friend said to him: "What do you want to go away from your beautiful home for, into a foreign port?" "Oh," he replied, "my home is gone! My six children are dead! I must get away, sir. I can't stand it in this country any longer." Ziklag in ashes!

Why these long shadows of bereavement across this audience? Why is it that in almost every assemblage black is the predominant color of the apparel? Is it because you do not like saffron or brown or violet? Oh, no! You say: "The world is not so bright to us as it once was," and there is a story of silent voices, and of stillness, and of loved ones gone, and when you look over the hills, expecting only beauty and loveliness, you find only devastation and woe. Ziklag in ashes!

In Ulster county, N. Y., the village church was decorated until the fragrance of the flowers was almost bewildering. The maidens of the village had emptied the place of flowers upon one marriage altar. One of their own number was affianced to a minister of Christ, who had come to take her to his home. With hands joined, amidst a congratulatory audience, the vows were taken. In three days from that time, one of those who stood at the altar exchanged earth for heaven. The wedding march broke down into the funeral dirge. There were not enough flowers now for the coffin lid, because they had all been taken for the bridal hour. The dead minister of Christ is brought to another village. He had gone out from them less than a week before. In his strength, now he comes home lifeless. The whole church bewailed him. The solemn procession moved around to look upon the still face that once had beamed with messages of salvation. Little children were lifted up to look at him; and some of those whom he had comforted in days of sorrow, when they passed that silent form, made the place dreadful with their weeping. Another village emptied of its flowers—some of them put in the shape of a cross to symbolize His hope, others put in the shape of a crown to symbolize His triumph. A hundred lights blown out in one stormy gust from the open door of a sepulchre. Ziklag in ashes!

I preach this sermon today because I want to rally you, as David rallied his men, for the recovery of the loved and the lost. I want not only to join heaven, but I want all this congregation to go along with me. I feel that somehow I have a responsibility in your arriving at that great city, where on other Sabbaths used other inducements. I mean today, for the sake of variety, hoping to reach your heart, to try another kind of inducement. Do you really want to join the companionship of your loved ones who have gone? Are you anxious to join them as David and his men were to join their families? Then I am here, in the name of God, to say that you may, and to tell you how.

I remark, in the first place, if you want to join your loved ones in glory you must travel the same way they went. No sooner had the half-dead Egyptian been resuscitated than he pointed the way the captives and the captives had gone, and David and his men followed after. So our Christian friends have gone into another country, and if we want to reach their companionship we must take the same road. They repented; we must repent. They prayed; we must pray. They trusted in Christ; we must trust in Christ. They lived a religious life; we must live a religious life. They were in something like ourselves. I know, now that they are gone, there is a halo around their names; but they had their faults. They said and did things they ought never to have said or done. They were sometimes rebellious, sometimes cast down. They were far from being perfect. So I suppose that some of us have gone, some things in us that are now only tolerable may be almost repulsive. But as they were like us in deficiencies, we ought to be like them in taking a supernatural Christ to make up for the deficits. Had it not been for Jesus, they would have all perished; but Christ confronted them, and said: "I am the way," and they took it.

I have also to say to you that the path that these captives trod was a troubled path, and that David and his men had to go over the same difficult way. While these captives were being taken off, they said: "Oh, we are so hungry; we are so sick; we are so humiliated." But the men who had charge said: "Stop this crying. Go on!" David and his men also found it a hard way. They had to travel it. Our friends have gone into glory, and it is through much tribulation that we are to enter into the kingdom. How our loved ones used to have to struggle how their old hearts ached how sometimes they had a tussle for breath! In our childhood we wondered why there were so many wrinkles on their faces. We did not know that what were called "crow's feet" on their faces were the marks of the black raven of trouble. Did you never hear the old people, seated by the evening stand, talk over their early trials, their hardships, the disappointments, the empty four barrel when there were so many hungry ones to feed, the sickness almost unto death, where the next dose of morphine decided between ghastly bereavement and an unbroken home circle? Oh, yes! it was trouble that that whitened their hair. It was trouble that shook the cup in their hands. It was trouble that washed the luster from their eyes with the rain of tears until they needed spectacles. It was trouble that made the cane a necessity for their journey. Do you never remember your old mother sitting on some rainy day, looking out of the window, her elbow on the window sill, her hand to her brow, looking out not seeing the falling snow at all (you well know she was looking into

the distant past), until the apron came up to her eyes, because the memory was too much for her?

"Of the big, unbidden tear,  
Stealing down the furrowed cheek,  
Told in eloquence sincere,  
Tales of woe they could not speak."

"But this scene weeping o'er,  
Past this scene of toil and pain,  
They shall feel distress no more,  
Never, never weep again."

"Who are these under the altar?" the question was asked; and the response came: "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Our friends went by a path of tears into glory. Be not surprised if we have to travel the same pathway.

I remark, again, if we want to win the society of our friends in heaven, we will not only have to travel a path of faith and a path of tribulation, but we will also have to positively battle for their companionship. David and his men never wanted sharp swords and invulnerable shields and thick breastplates so much as they wanted them on the day when they came down upon the Amalekites. If they had lost that battle, they never would have got their families back. I suppose that one glance at their loved ones in captivity hurried them into the battle with tenfold courage and energy. They said: "We must win it. Every thing depends upon it. Let each one take a man on point of spear or sword. We must win it." And I have to tell you that between us and coming into the companionship of our loved ones who are departed there is an "Austerlitz," there is a Gettysburg, there is a Waterloo. War with the world, war with the flesh, war with the devil. We have either to conquer our troubles, or our troubles will conquer us. David will either slay the Amalekites, or the Amalekites will slay David. And yet is not the fort to be taken worth all the pain, all the peril, all the besiegement? Look! who are they on the bright hills of heaven yonder? They are those who sat at their own table, the chair now vacant. There they sat when you rocked in infancy in the cradle, or hushed to sleep in your arms. There they are—those in whose life your life was bound up. There they are—their brow more radiant than ever before you saw it, their lips waiting for the kiss of heavenly greeting, their cheeks pale with the wealth of eternal summer, their hands beckoning you up the steep, their feet bounding with the mirth of heaven. The pallor of their last sickness gone out of their faces, never more to be sick, never more to cough, never more to limp, never more to be old, never more to weep. They are watching from those heights if it through Christ you can take that fort, and whether you will rush in upon them—victors. They know that upon this battle depends whether you will ever join their society. Up! Strike harder! Charge more bravely! Remember that every inch you gain puts you so much further on toward that heavenly realm.

If this morning, while I speak, you could hear the cannonade of a foreign navy, coming through the "Narrows," which was to despoil our city, and if they really should succeed in carrying our families away from us, how long would we take before we would resolve to go after them? Every weapon, whether fresh from Springfield or old and rusty in the garret, would be brought out; and we would urge on, and coming in front of the foe, we would look at them and then look at our families, and the cry would be "Victory or death!" and when the ammunition was gone, we would take the captives on the point of the bayonet or under the breach of the gun. If you would make such a struggle for the getting-back of your earthly friends, will you not make as much struggle for the gaining of the eternal companionship of your heavenly friends? Oh, yes! we must join them. We must sit with them in the society. We must sit with them in the song. We must celebrate with them the triumph. Let it never be told on earth or in heaven that David and his men pushed on with braver hearts for the getting-back of their earthly friends for a few years on earth than we to get our departed!

You say that all this implies that our departed Christian friends are alive. Why, had you any idea they were dead? They have only moved. If you should go on the 2d of May to a house where one of your friends lived, and found him gone, you would not think that he was dead. You would inquire next door where he had moved. So our departed Christian friends have only taken another house. The secret is that they are richer now than they once were, and can afford a better residence. They once drank out of earthenware; they now drink from the King's chalice. "Joseph is yet alive," and Jacob will go up and see him. Living, are they? Why, if a man can live in this dim, dreary, earthly captivity, can he not live where he breathes the bracing atmosphere of the mountains of heaven? Oh, yes, they are living!

Do you think that Paul is so near dead now as he was when he was living in the Roman dungeon? Do you think that Frederick Robertson of Brighton is as near dead now as he was when, year after year, he slept seated on the floor, his head on the bottom of a chair, because he could find ease in no other position? Do you think that Robert Hall is as near dead now as when, on his couch, he tossed in physical tortures? No. Death gave them the few black draps that cure them. That is all death does to a Christian—cures him. I know that what I have said implies that they are living. There is no question about that. The only question this morning is whether you will ever join them.

But I must not forget those two hundred men who fainted by the brook Besor. They could not take another step farther. Their feet were sore, their heads ached; their entire nature was exhausted. Besides that, they were broken-hearted because their homes were gone. Ziklag in ashes! And yet David, when he comes up to them, divides the spoils among them. He says they shall have some of the jewels, some of the robes, some of the treasures. I look over this audience this morning and I find at least two hundred who have fainted by the brook Besor—the brook of tears. You feel as if you could not take another step farther, as though you could never look David again. But I am going to imitate David, and divide among you some of the robes, some of the treasures. "All things work together for good, to those who love God." Wrap yourself in that glorious promise. Here is for your neck a string of pearls, made out of crystallized tears: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Here is a coronet: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." O ye fainting ones, by the brook Besor, dip your blistered feet in the running stream of God's mercy. Bathe your brow at the wells of salvation. Soothe your wounds with the balm that exudes from trees of life. God will not utterly cast you off, O broken-hearted man, O broken-hearted woman, fainting by the brook Besor.

A shepherd finds that his mother

pipe is bruised. He says: "I can't get any more music out of this instrument, so I will just break it and I will throw this reed away. Then I will get another reed, and I will play music on that." But God says He will not cast you off because all the music has gone out of your soul. "The bruised reed He will not break." As far as I can tell the diagnosis of your disease, you want divine nursing, and it is promised you. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." God will see you all the way through, O troubled soul, and when you come down to the Jordan of death you will find it to be as thin as a brook as Besor; for Dr. Robinson says that, in April, Besor dries up, and there is no brook at all. And in your last moment you will be as placid as the Kentucky minister who went up to God, saying, in the dying hour: "Write to my sister Kate, and tell her not to be worried and frightened about the story of the horrors around the death-bed. Tell her there is not a word of truth in it, for I am there now, and Jesus is with me, and I find it a very happy way, for I am not; I am a good man, for I am not; I am nothing but a poor, miserable sinner, but I have an Almighty Savior, and both of his arms are around me."

May God Almighty, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, bring us into the companionship of our loved ones who have already entered the heavenly land, and entered the presence of Christ, whom, not having seen, we love, and so David shall recover all, and as his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

FRESH LITERATURE.

The Leisure Hour Library publishes the choicest works of the most popular authors at 8 and 6 cents each. Among the latest published are "The People's Natural History," containing illustrations and descriptions of the animal kingdom; "Two Kisses," by the author of "Dora Thorne"; "A Vagabond Heroine," by Miss Annie Edwards; "Page Ninety-two," by Mary Cecil Hay; "George Canfield's Journey," by Miss M. E. Bradton, together with other numerous mentions. New York: F. M. Lupton, publisher.

The Wide Awake begins the new year with more of delightful interest than ever. It is especially a magazine for young people, and it is filled with juvenile literature of the highest order. J. T. Trowbridge contributes chapters of his charming serial, "The Adventures of David Vane and David Crane," which are full of pleasant incident, and the story of the "Five Little Peppers Midway," by Margaret Sidney, is continued in two chapters, while the young violinist will feel delighted with "The Cricket Fiddler," and will try to keep time with his Get the magazine, parents, for your young folks and make their hearts glad. D. Lothrop Company, Boston, Mass.

Who is Your Best Friend? Your stomach, of course. Why? Because it is out of order you are one of the most miserable creatures living. Give it a fair, honorable chance and see if it is not the best friend you have in the end. Don't smoke in the morning. Don't drink in the morning. If you must smoke and drink, wait until your stomach is through with breakfast. You can drink more and smoke more in the evening and it will tell you less. If your food ferments and does not digest right—if you are troubled with heartburn, flatulence of the head, coming up of the food after eating, biliousness, indigestion or any other trouble of the stomach, you had best use Green's August Flower, as no person can use it without immediate relief.

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Can combine to get a carload of Elnor coal for \$6.50 per ton on our own horses and not feel it. Send orders to D. M. Graham, South Pasadena, or to Chaney Coal Company, Elnor, Cal. 17

Dr. Newell, 8-10-12-14-16-18-20-22-24-26-28-30-32-34-36-38-40-42-44-46-48-50-52-54-56-58-60-62-64-66-68-70-72-74-76-78-80-82-84-86-88-90-92-94-96-98-100-102-104-106-108-110-112-114-116-118-120-122-124-126-128-130-132-134-136-138-140-142-144-146-148-150-152-154-156-158-160-162-164-166-168-170-172-174-176-178-180-182-184-186-188-190-192-194-196-198-200-202-204-206-208-210-212-214-216-218-220-222-224-226-228-230-232-234-236-238-240-242-244-246-248-250-252-254-256-258-260-262-264-266-268-270-272-274-276-278-280-282-284-286-288-290-292-294-296-298-300-302-304-306-308-310-312-314-316-318-320-322-324-326-328-330-332-334-336-338-340-342-344-346-348-350-352-354-356-358-360-362-364-366-368-370-372-374-376-378-380-382-384-386-388-390-392-394-396-398-400-402-404-406-408-410-412-414-416-418-420-422-424-426-428-430-432-434-436-438-440-442-444-446-448-450-452-454-456-458-460-462-464-466-468-470-472-474-476-478-480-482-484-486-488-490-492-494-496-498-500-502-504-506-508-510-512-514-516-518-520-522-524-526-528-530-532-534-536-538-540-542-544-546-548-550-552-554-556-558-560-562-564-566-568-570-572-574-576-578-580-582-584-586-588-590-592-594-596-598-600-602-604-606-608-610-612-614-616-618-620-622-624-626-628-630-632-634-636-638-640-642-644-646-648-650-652-654-656-658-660-662-664-666-668-670-672-674-676-678-680-682-684-686-688-690-692-694-696-698-700-702-704-706-708-710-712-714-716-718-720-722-724-726-728-730-732-734-736-738-740-742-744-746-748-750-752-754-756-758-760-762-764-766-768-770-772-774-776-778-780-782-784-786-788-790-792-794-796-798-800-802-804-806-808-810-812-814-816-818-820-822-824-826-828-830-832-834-836-838-840-842-844-846-848-850-852-854-856-858-860-862-864-866-868-870-872-874-876-878-880-882-884-886-888-890-892-894-896-898-900-902-904-906-908-910-912-914-916-918-920-922-924-926-928-930-932-934-936-938-940-942-944-946-948-950-952-954-956-958-960-962-964-966-968-970-972-974-976-978-980-982-984-986-988-990-992-994-996-998-1000-1002-1004-1006-1008-1010-1012-1014-1016-1018-1020-1022-1024-1026-1028-1030-1032-1034-1036-1038-1040-1042-1044-1046-1048-1050-1052-1054-1056-1058-1060-1062-1064-1066-1068-1070-1072-1074-1076-1078-1080-1082-1084-1086-1088-1090-1092-1094-1096-1098-1100-1102-1104-1106-1108-1110-1112-1114-1116-1118-1120-1122-1124-1126-1128-1130-1132-1134-1136-1138-1140-1142-1144-1146-1148-1150-1152-1154-1156-1158-1160-1162-1164-1166-1168-1170-1172-1174-1176-1178-1180-1182-1184-1186-1188-1190-1192-1194-1196-1198-1200-1202-1204-1206-1208-1210-1212-1214-1216-1218-1220-1222-1224-1226-1228-1230-1232-1234-1236-1238-1240-1242-1244-1246-1248-1250-1252-1254-1256-1258-1260-1262-1264-1266-1268-1270-1272-1274-1276-1278-1280-1282-1284-1286-1288-1290-1292-1294-1296-1298-1300-1302-1304-1306-1308-1310-1312-1314-1316-1318-1320-1322-1324-1326-1328-1330-1332-1334-1336-1338-1340-1342-1344-1346-1348-1350-1352-1354-1356-1358-1360-1362-1364-1366-1368-1370-1372-1374-1376-1378-1380-1382-1384-1386-1388-1390-1392-1394-1396-1398-1400-1402-1404-1406-1408-1410-1412-1414-1416-1418-1420-1422-1424-1426-1428-1430-1432-1434-1436-1438-1440-1442-1444-1446-1448-1450-1452-1454-1456-1458-1460-1462-1464-1466-1468-1470-1472-1474-1476-1478-1480-1482-1484-1486-1488-1490-1492-1494-1496-1498-1500-1502-1504-1506-1508-1510-1512-1514-1516-1518-1520-1522-1524-1526-1528-1530-1532-1534-1536-1538-1540-1542-1544-1546-1548-1550-1552-1554-1556-1558-1560-1562-1564-1566-1568-1570-1572-1574-1576-1578-1580-1582-1584-1586-1588-1590-1592-1594-1596-1598-1600-1602-1604-1606-1608-1610-1612-1614-1616-1618-1620-1622-1624-1626-1628-1630-1632-1634-1636-1638-1640-1642-1644-1646-1648-1650-1652-1654-1656-1658-1660-1662-1664-1666-1668-1670-1672-1674-1676-1678-1680-1682-1684-1686-1688-1690-1692-1694-1696-1698-1700-1702-1704-1706-1708-1710-1712-1714-1716-1718-1720-1722-1724-1726-1728-1730-1732-1734-1736-1738-1740-1742-1744-1746-1748-1750-1752-1754-1756-1758-1760-1762-1764-1766-1768-1770-1772-1774-1776-1778-1780-1782-1784-1786-1788-1790-1792-1794-1796-1798-1800-1802-1804-1806-1808-1810-1812-1814-1816-1818-1820-1822-1824-1826-1828-1830-1832-1834-1836-1838-1840-1842-1844-1846-1848-1850-1852-1854-1856-1858-1860-1862-1864-1866-1868-1870-1872-1874-1876-1878-1880-1882-1884-1886-1888-1890-1892-1894-1896-1898-1900-1902-1904-1906-1908-1910-1912-1914-1916-1918-1920-1922-1924-1926-1928-1930-1932-1934-1936-1938-1940-1942-1944-1946-1948-1950-1952-1954-1956-1958-1960-1962-1964-1966-1968-1970-1972-1974-1976-1978-1980-1982-1984-1986-1988-1990-1992-1994-1996-1998-2000-2002-2004-2006-2008-2010-2012-2014-2016-2018-2020-2022-2024-2026-2028-2030-2032-2034-2036-2038-2040-2042-2044-2046-2048-2050-2052-2054-2056-2058-2060-2062-2064-2066-2068-2070-2072-2074-2076-2078-2080-2082-2084-2086-2088-2090-2092-2094-2096-2098-2100-2102-2104-2106-2108-2110-2112-2114-2116-2118-2120-2122-2124-2126-2128-2130-2132-2134-2136-2138-2140-2142-2144-2146-2148-2150-2152-2154-2156-2158-2160-2162-2164-2166-2168-2170-2172-2174-2176-2178-2180-2182-2184-2186-2188-2190-2192-2194-2196-2198-2200-2202-2204-2206-2208-2210-2212-2214-2216-2218-2220-2222-2224-2226-2228-2230-2232-2234-2236-2238-2240-2242-2244-2246-2248-2250-2252-2254-2256-2258-2260-2262-2264-2266-2268-2270-2272-2274-2276-2278-2280-2282-2284-2286-2288-2290-2292-2294-2296-2298-2300-2302-2304-2306-2308-2310-2312-2314-2316-2318-2320-2322-2324-2326-2328-2330-2332-2334-2336-2338-2340-2342-2344-2346-2348-2350-2352-2354-2356-2358-2360-2362-2364-2366-2368-2370-2372-2374-2376-2378-2380-2382-2384-2386-2388-2390-2392-2394-2396-2398-2400-2402-2404-2406-2408-2410-2412-2414-2416-2418-2420-2422-2424-2426-2428-2























dangerously ill until half an hour before her death. The disease from which she was suffering is supposed to have gone from her to the child, and, without a moment's